



MONTÉ HALE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢

Monte Hale

WESTERN

1986



**MONTÉ
HALE**

The Biggest and Boldest
Real-Life Cowboy
of Them All
6 ft. 5 in.
OF
SOLID
MUSCLE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

LAMEBRAIN

--INTERESTING HOMBRE?



HELLO, GUS! I'M GOING TO PUT MY WEEK'S WAGES IN THE BANK!
WHAR ARE YUH GOING?



HUH? YUH MEAN THAT'S RIGHT!
YUH PUT YORE MONEY IN DON'T YUH THAT BANK? LAMEBRAIN?



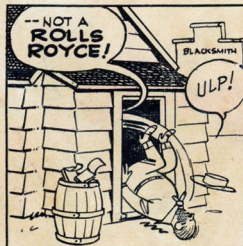
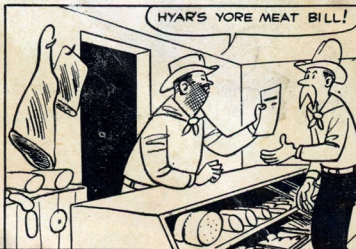
SHUCKS, NO! I KEEP MY MONEY AT HOME HIDDEN IN A COFFEE CAN!
WHAT? YUH KEEP YORE MONEY AT HOME HIDDEN IN A COFFEE CAN?



THAT'S RIGHT! BUT YO'RE LOSING INTEREST!



OH NO I'M NOT--- I PUT AWAY A LITTLE EXTRA JUST FER THAT!



MONTE HALE WESTERN



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

MONTE HALE

in **THE CURSE OF TYPHOID VALLEY**

DEEP IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS COILED AN EVIL REGION THAT MEN CALLED TYPHOID VALLEY! HERE, FIFTY YEARS BEFORE, TWO FAMILIES HAD FALLEN PREY TO A SCOURGE-LIKE EPIDEMIC! SINCE THAT TIME, WHENEVER STRANGERS VENTURED IN, THE DREAD PLAGUE SEIZED THEM! AT LAST NO MAN DARED ENTER **TYPHOID VALLEY!**

A sign was placed at the entrance to the valley! Then, one day---

BANG!

WARNING!

STAY OUT OF TYPHOID VALLEY OR DIE!

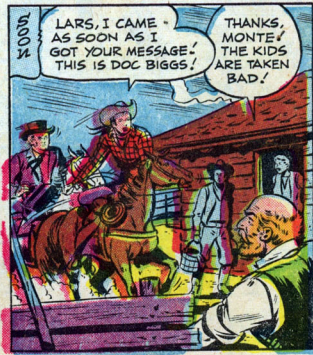
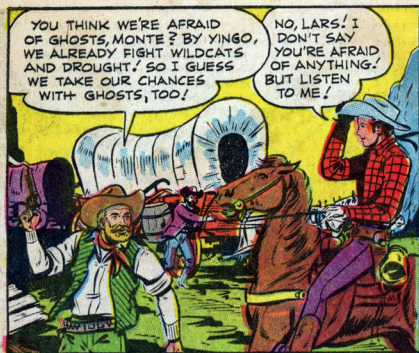
BANG!

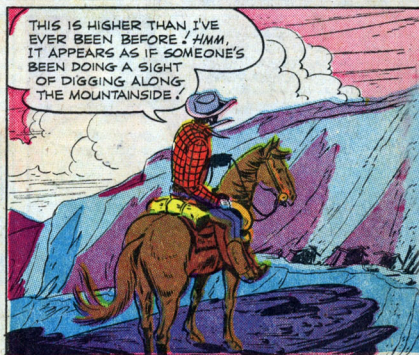
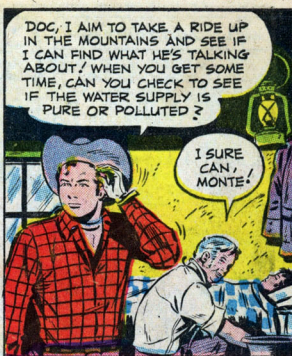
MISTER SIGN, I THINK IT TIME YOU LIE DOWN.

THAT'S RIGHT, LARS! KICK IT DOWN! WE'RE GOING INTO THE VALLEY!

At that moment--

HOLD ON THERE, NELSON! YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE MUSN'T GO INTO TYPHOID VALLEY! IT'S SURE DEATH.





When Monte returns--

MONTE! I'M PLUMB GLAD TO SEE YOU! I CHECKED THE WATER SUPPLY AS YOU SUGGESTED! BOTH THE BROOK AND THE SPRINGS ARE CHOCK FULL OF TYPHOID GERMS!

GREAT DAY! JUST WHAT I'D FEARED!



TELL ME, DOC, COULD THE GERMS HAVE BEEN IN THE WATER IF FOLKS HADN'T BEEN LIVING IN THE VALLEY?

NOT IF NO ONE HAD BEEN LIVING THERE FOR FIFTY YEARS! THE GERMS WOULD HAVE HAD TO HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED FROM THE OUTSIDE.



I SEE! IS THERE ANY PLACE IN THE LOCALITY WHERE TYPHOID GERMS MIGHT BE OBTAINED?

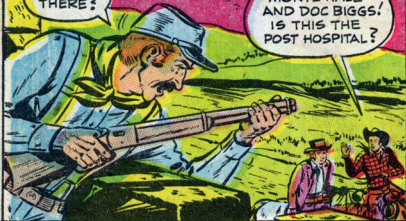
ONLY AT FORT BAILEY --- THE POST HOSPITAL --- AND THAT'S TWENTY MILES AWAY.



Monte Hale is determined to get at the secret of Typhoid Valley! Hours later, he and Doc Biggs ride into Fort Bailey!

WHO GOES THERE?

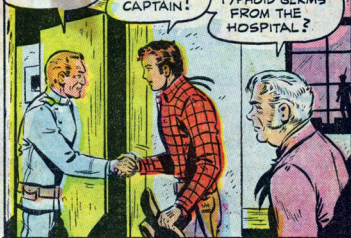
MONTE HALE AND DOC BIGGS! IS THIS THE POST HOSPITAL?



MONTE! GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE DOC! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'RE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF ANYONE HAS HAD ACCESS TO YOUR TYPHOID CASES, CAPTAIN!

COULD ANYONE HAVE TAKEN TYPHOID GERMS FROM THE HOSPITAL?



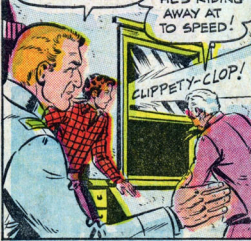
NO ONE BUT THE ARMY SURGEONS AND AN OLD CIVILIAN ATTENDANT WE CALL CURLY!

CAN WE SEE THIS ATTENDANT?



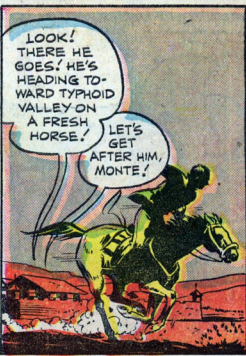
OF COURSE! HMMM, THAT'S STRANGE! HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO! BUT HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED WHEN HE HEARD YOU COMING!

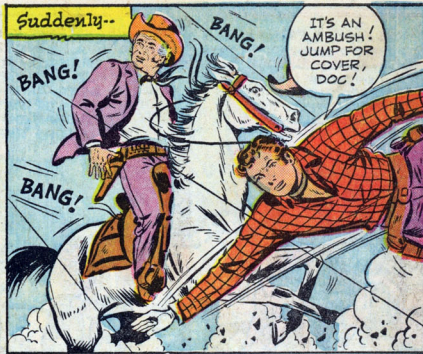
LISTEN! HOOFBEATS! HE'S RIDING AWAY AT TO SPEED!



LOOK! THERE HE GOES! HE'S HEADING TOWARD TYPHOID VALLEY ON A FRESH HORSE!

LET'S GET AFTER HIM, MONTE!





Hearing the sound of firing, Lars Nelson and the other settlers, ride up from the lower valley.

MONTE! WE HEARD SHOTS! WHAT HAPPENED?

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR US, LARS! THESE GENTS HAVE BEEN LIVING UP HERE IN THE VALLEY FOR A LONG TIME!

AND EVIDENTLY THEY'VE BEEN DOING SOME MIGHTY SUCCESSFUL DIAMOND MINING! SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU HOMBRES TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

YOU'VE GOT US DEAD TO RIGHTS, HALE—SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SPILL THE BEANS!

WE'RE OSGOODS AND LAWTONS! YEARS AGO WHEN THE REST OF OUR FAMILY DIED FROM TYPHOID, WE HAD THE DISEASE BUT SURVIVED. BUT THEN WE DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF PRECIOUS JEWELS IN THE VALLEY!

SO YOU DECIDED TO HIDE OUT IN THE VALLEY AND MINE THE DIAMONDS YOURSELVES?

RIGHT! AND TO PREVENT OTHERS FROM COMING IN, WE PLANTED TYPHOID GERMS IN THE WATER IN THE VALLEY! I GOT A JOB IN THE FORT BAILEY HOSPITAL AND BROUGHT IN THE GERMS!

GRADUALLY IT GREW INTO A LEGEND! EVERYBODY WAS AFRAID TO COME INTO THE VALLEY—UNTIL LARS NELSON AND HIS PEOPLE DROVE IN!

WE ALWAYS FIGURED WE'D QUIT AFTER A WHILE! BUT WE KEPT GETTING A BIGGER AND BIGGER STORE OF DIAMONDS AND WE NEVER COULD DECIDE TO STOP!

IT'S A MIGHTY SAD TALE WHEN FOLKS LET THE LOVE FOR WEALTH MAKE THEM DO WHAT YOU'VE DONE! BUT I RECKON THE JUDGE DOWN IN TOWN WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE!

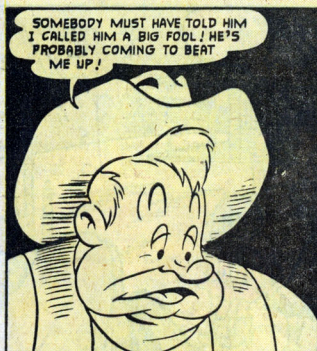
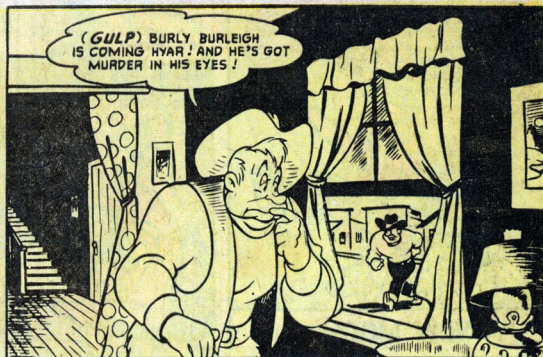
WE GOT TO THE CHILDREN SOON ENOUGH TO CHECK THE DISEASE! ALL OF THEM WILL RECOVER!—AND PRONTO!

UNTIL THE WATER IS PURIFIED, WE'LL CARRY ALL OF OUR DRINKING WATER IN! MONTE, WE OWE PLENTY TO YOU! YOU'VE MADE TYPHOID VALLEY A SAFE PLACE FOR US TO LIVE!

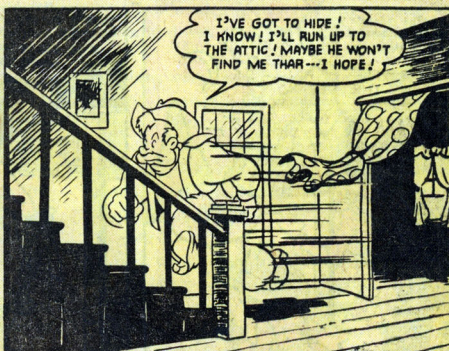
MOLASSES MOUTH



A GOOD HIDER



SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TOLD HIM I CALLED HIM A BIG FOOL! HE'S PROBABLY COMING TO BEAT ME UP!



I'VE GOT TO HIDE! I KNOW! I'LL RUN UP TO THE ATTIC! MAYBE HE WON'T FIND ME THAR---I HOPE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER



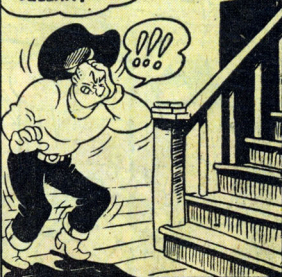
(GULP) HE'S LOOKING FOR ME ALL RIGHT! AND HE SHORE IS POWERFUL ANGRY! I JEST HOPE HE WON'T THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME UP HYAR!

(GARR) MOLASSES MOUTH! ARE YUH HIDING UP THAR IN THE ATTIC?



(GULP)

N-N-NO! T-THAR'S N-NO ONE UP N-H-HYAR! W-WHY D-DON'T YUH L-LOOK IN THE CELLAR?



???



QUICK ON THE DRAW

By Clement Good

AT THE AGE of twenty, Jack McCrae was tall, dark and rugged. He had an easy, good-humored smile and there was usually a twinkle in his gray eyes.

The two old-timers, Jeb and Luke, were busy at their usual occupation, whittling and chewing tobacco, when they saw the posse ride out. Jack grinned and waved at Jeb and Luke as he passed, and Jeb said, "Mark my words, Luke, that there young feller is going to be the next sheriff. He's as brave as a wildcat!"

Grimly, silently, swiftly, the possemen rode southwest toward the foothills. They were hot on the trail of the Ghost Raider and his henchmen. The "ghost" was so-called because after each foray he seemed to disappear into thin air. No living person had ever seen him!

Today the Wells Fargo office had been robbed, the guard shot. Quickly alerted, the sheriff and his men were able to pursue the three desperadoes before the trail got cold. The sun was setting as they rode into the mouth of Dead End Canyon.

"We've got 'em trapped," exclaimed one of the deputies. "They were plumb foolish to come in here."

"Take it easy!" cautioned Jack McCrea. "It looks too simple. Maybe we're the ones getting into a trap."

"Jack's right!" said the sheriff. "Rein up and take cover!"

He had barely given the order when a rifle barked, and the deputy who had said, "We've got 'em trapped," plummeted from his mount. Jack leaped to the ground and dragged the fallen man to cover behind jutting rocks, while the others scurried for hiding places. A hail of rifle bullets chipped the rocks all around the lawmen.

"The Ghost planned to ambush us, right enough," said the sheriff, "but now that he's tipped his mitt, looks like we've got him bottled up."

"Only 'looks like'," said Jack.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the men. "Only way they can ride out of Dead End Canyon is by going past us."

"True, this is the only way they can *ride* out," Jack agreed. "But it'll be dark in a little while. Then they can forget their horses and climb out the other end. We won't be able to see them, we won't know where they've headed. Once more, the Ghost will disappear into thin air. That's why I aim to belly around these rocks and see if I can't circle and surprise them."

"Now, wait, Jack!" urged the sheriff. "That's taking a mighty big chance. If anybody's to do that, it should be me."

Jack grinned. "Sheriff, we all know you'd never ask any man to take on a job you wouldn't handle yourself. But all I aim to do is sort of smoke them out a mite. You've got to be ready to grab them."

Jack crawled away from the group, keeping to the cover of the rocks as much as possible. He circled wide in the fading twilight. The sheriff and his men kept firing steadily to cover any noise Jack might make, but it wasn't really necessary for he was as quiet as a cat.

"Drop the guns!" Jack's voice burst on the outlaws like a whipcrack, but they didn't obey. The rifleman turned and Jack's Colt blasted the gun from his hands. A shot from the young deputy seared the wrist of a second outlaw and caused him to drop his revolver and cry out in pain. But the third masked man hit Jack with two quick shots and the young lawman tumbled to the ground.

The two wounded outlaws cried out as the third scrambled away into the falling darkness. "Hey, boss! We're shot up! Don't leave us!" The boss' answer was two quick squeezes on the trigger that provided two new candidates for Boot Hill. Once more the Ghost Raider

was making sure there'd be no witnesses alive who could identify him.

"He won't ever get to be sheriff now, Luke," said Jeb.

"Reckon not, Jeb," responded Luke. "A sheriff can't go chasing owlhoots in a wheel chair. Too bad. Sure was a promising young fellow." They both looked mournfully at Jack McCrae.

Jack was crippled! Two slugs had been dug out of his right leg. Now they said he'd never again be able to walk without a cane and certainly he'd never be able to ride a horse. Jack took it with his usual courage and a grin. He sat on the porch of the Cattleman's Hotel and kept his hands busy, not with whittling as Jeb and Luke did, but with sketches. He got so he could make a pretty good likeness of anyone who would pose. And when no one was posing he sketched the stage coach across the street, the horses at the hitch rail, the false-fronted frame buildings or the distant hills.

Most people were pleased and flattered to have their portraits made. But Four Flush Farro, who ran the gambling casino, was different. He was furious when he noticed Jack making a sketch of himself. He snatched the paper from Jack's hand and tore it to bits!

"Not a good likeness?" asked Jack, raising his eyebrows.

"Huh? Oh, I reckon it was good enough. I'm just superstitious about having my picture made. All gamblers are superstitious. Here, buy yourself some more paper."

Farro flipped a silver dollar into Jack's lap and hurried away. Jack looked at the coin and grinned. "This is all right! Maybe I can make a good living by *not* drawing pictures!"

Weeks went by. Jack passed the time of day idly chatting with Jed and Luke, or sketching over the things he had drawn before. The Ghost Raider struck again, this time robbing a rich rancher, north of town. As the posse rode out, Jack fidgeted. To sit around idle, useless, was not his nature. Later the sheriff and the men came back empty-handed, as usual. The chief lawman stopped by to give Jack McCrae an account of the futile expedition.

As he finished he wiped his wrinkled brow and said, "Gosh all fish-hooks, Jack, I wish you could've ridden with us. You might've noticed some clue that we missed."

A few days afterward, Jed and Luke were astonished to learn that Jack had taken a job. He was the new shotgun guard on the stage line between Pine Bush and Longhorn City.

On Jack's first run, the Ghost Raider held up the stage out on Prairie Flats. He gunned the driver without warning and as Jack leveled his shotgun, a bullet ripped off his hat and red began oozing from his skull. Jack fell across the seat. The horses, spooked by the gunplay, took off at a gallop!

The stage horses charged into Longhorn City and halted at the livery stable of their own accord. They were there for a full minute before anyone noticed Jack lying crumpled on the seat. He was unconscious. Beside him was a piece of paper with what appeared to be the beginning of a sketch on it. But it was only an ear, nothing more!

Jack was taken to the hospital in Longhorn City. Doctors later told his old friend, the sheriff, they thought he'd pull through, but he might be unconscious for days. "He may have seen who shot him, but he won't be telling for a long while."

"He's told already," grunted the sheriff, looking at the sketch of an ear.

The Sheriff arrested Four Flush Farro. "You're the Ghost Raider," declared the lawman, as he slipped on the handcuffs. "You've been identified by Jack McCrae."

"But he couldn't recognize me!" cried the gambler. "I wore a mask . . . that is . . ."

JED AND LUKE were so interested they stopped their whittling while the sheriff unfolded the story. ". . . yep, the human ear is one thing that can't be disguised and it's a sure mark of identification. Jack got a good look at the hombre's ear in spite of the mask, and he sketched it just before he passed out. By the way, there's a thousand dollar reward for the Ghost Raider and Jack's going to get it so he can have an operation and have his leg fixed up good as new. Likely he'll be the next sheriff hereabouts!"

THE END

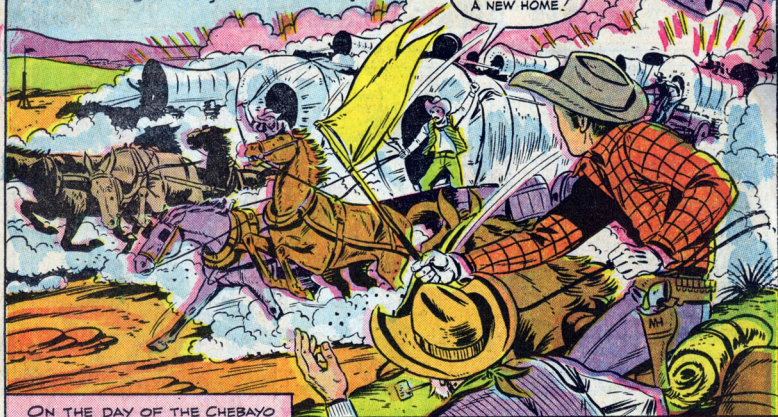


MONTE HALE

At the crack of a gun, a thousand valiant pioneer families plunged into the vast Chebayo wilderness! Somewhere in their midst, Monte Hale knew that four desperate badmen raced from the Law! Finding them would be like discovering a needle in a haystack, but Monte had no choice! A man's life would be forfeit--unless those who had framed him on a murder charge were trapped in the Chebayo Land Rush!

and **THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH** THE GORE DEED

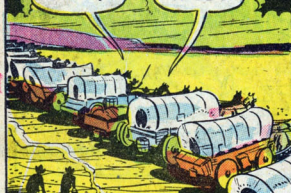
FASTER!
WE'RE HEADING
FOR LAND AND
A NEW HOME!



ON THE DAY OF THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH--WHEN A MILLION ACRES OF RICH LAND WAS OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT---

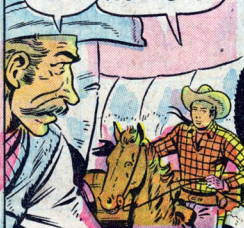
FOUR DAYS
WE'VE BEEN
HERE! WHEN
ARE THEY GOING
TO GIVE THE
SIGNAL TO
START?

I DON'T KNOW!
BETTER ASK
THE GENT IN
CHARGE OF
THIS SECTION,
MONTE
HALE!



HEY,
MONTE!
WHEN
DO WE
START?

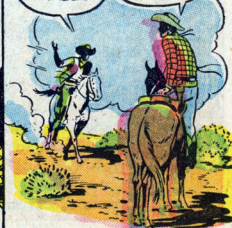
MIGHTY SOON,
FRIEND. YOU'LL
HEAR SHOTS
ALONG THE
LINE, AND
THAT'LL BE!
YOUR SIGNAL.

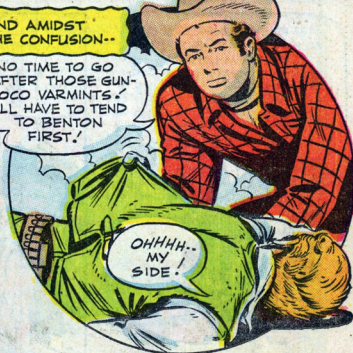
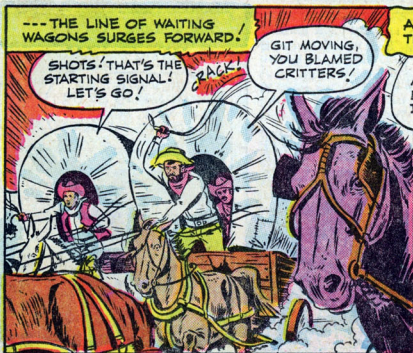
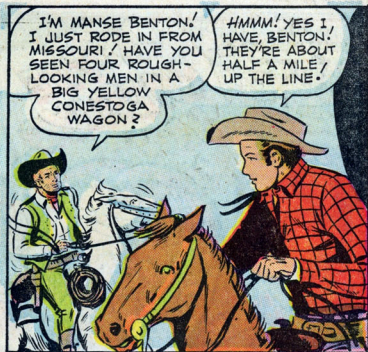


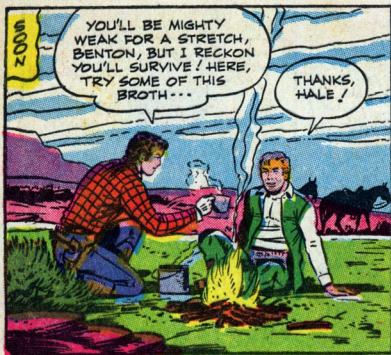
SUDDENLY--

MISTER,
ARE YOU
MONTE
HALE?

I
SURE AM,
STRANGER!
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

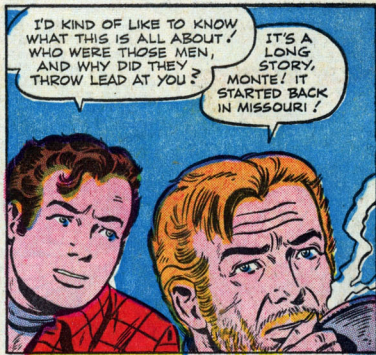






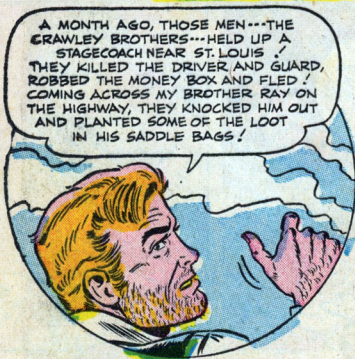
YOU'LL BE MIGHTY WEAK FOR A STRETCH, BENTON, BUT I RECKON YOU'LL SURVIVE! HERE, TRY SOME OF THIS BROTH...

THANKS, HALE!

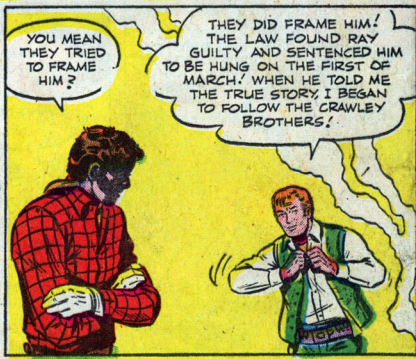


I'D KIND OF LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHO WERE THOSE MEN, AND WHY DID THEY THROW LEAD AT YOU?

IT'S A LONG STORY, MONTE! IT STARTED BACK IN MISSOURI!



A MONTH AGO, THOSE MEN---THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS---HELD UP A STAGECOACH NEAR ST. LOUIS! THEY KILLED THE DRIVER AND GUARD, ROBBED THE MONEY BOX AND FLED! COMING ACROSS MY BROTHER RAY ON THE HIGHWAY, THEY KNOCKED HIM OUT AND PLANTED SOME OF THE LOOT IN HIS SADDLE BAGS!



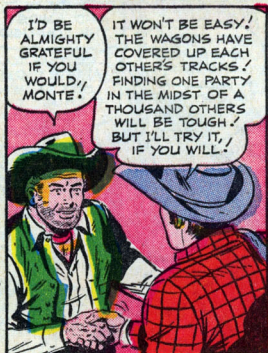
YOU MEAN THEY TRIED TO FRAME HIM?

THEY DID FRAME HIM! THE LAW FOUND RAY GUILTY AND SENTENCED HIM TO BE HUNG ON THE FIRST OF MARCH! WHEN HE TOLD ME THE TRUE STORY, I BEGAN TO FOLLOW THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS!



IT'S BEEN HUNDREDS OF MILES SO FAR, BUT I'LL FOLLOW THEM UNTIL I CATCH THEM! I'VE GOT TO SAVE RAY'S LIFE BEFORE MARCH, FIRST!

I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, CAN PARD AND I TAKE A HAND IN THIS FRACAS?



I'D BE ALMIGHTY GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD, MONTE.

IT WON'T BE EASY! THE WAGONS HAVE COVERED UP EACH OTHER'S TRACKS! FINDING ONE PARTY IN THE MIDST OF A THOUSAND OTHERS WILL BE TOUGH! BUT I'LL TRY IT, IF YOU WILL.



THE SEARCH GETS UNDER WAY AGAIN!

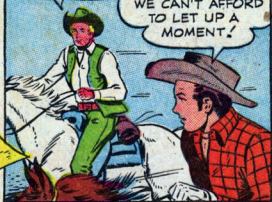
THEY MUST BE FAR AHEAD OF US BY NOW, MANSE! BUT WE SHOULD CATCH UP BY TOMORROW.

AS MONTE AND MANSE BENTON SEARCH, THE DAYS RACE BY!



MONTE, I'M PLUMB DISCOURAGED! WE'VE JUST GOT A COUPLE OF DAYS TO GO AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE TELLING US WHERE THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS MIGHT BE!

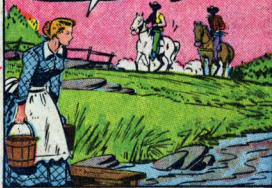
WE'VE JUST GOT TO KEEP ON GOING! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET UP A MOMENT!



THEN, AT LAST---

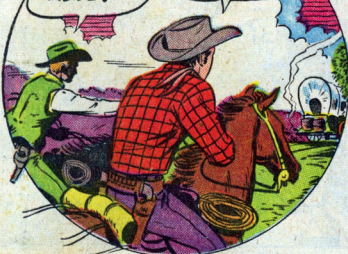
WHY, YES! I RECOLLECT SEEING A BIG YELLOW CONESTOGA WAGON LIKE THE ONE YOU SPEAK OF! IT MUST BE UP THIS CREEK ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE MILES!

THANK YOU, MAM! MONTE, LET'S RIDE!



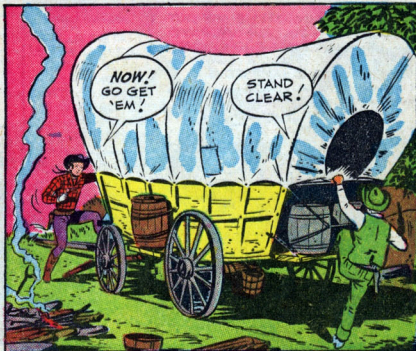
THAT'S THE WAGON, I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! THE CRAWLEY BOYS MUST BE INSIDE!

LET'S MOVE UP QUIETLY---AND THEN JUMP IN ON THEM! BE READY FOR ANYTHING!



NOW! GO GET 'EM!

STAND CLEAR!



BUT INSIDE THE WAGON--

DON'T SHOOT! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, MISTER?

IT'S JUST ONE OLD MAN! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? TALK! FAST!



IF YOU MEAN THE OTHERS WHO WERE IN THIS WAGON, I DON'T KNOW! MY WAGON BROKE DOWN SO THEY SOLD THIS ONE TO ME! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW!

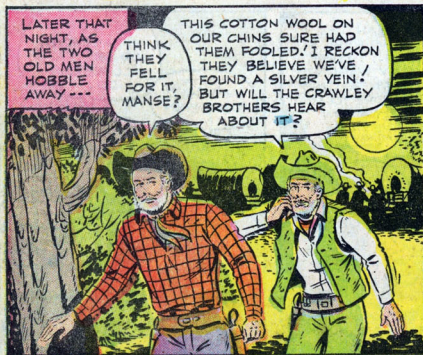
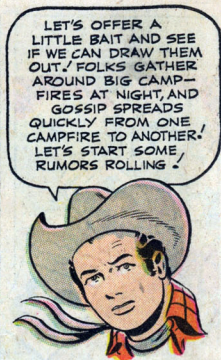
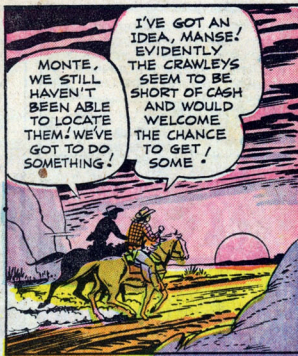


LET'S KEEP SEARCHING, MANSE! THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO!

ANOTHER DEAD END!



MONTE HALE WESTERN





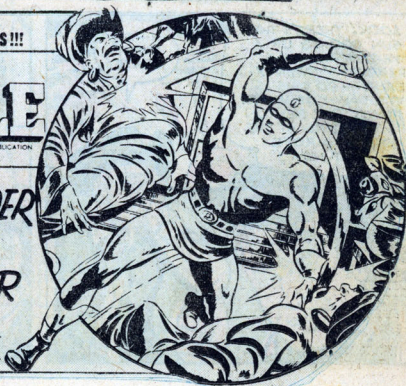
EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

THE BLUE BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S CRUSADER
OF
LAW AND ORDER

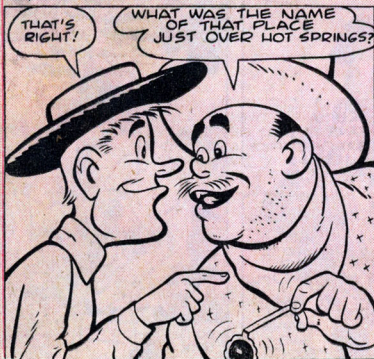
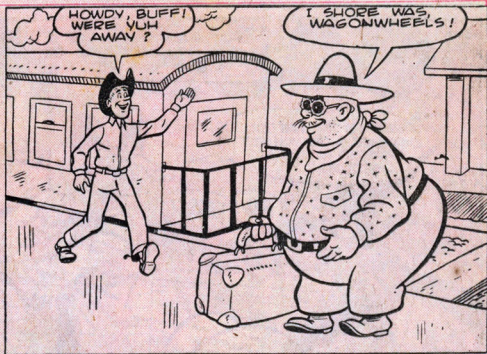
10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢





WAGONWHEELS

... LAST RESORT!



GABBY HAYES

AND THE RODEO RASCAL

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CORKER? DID YUH GET SPAYINED ALL OF A SUDDEN?

BOO! BAH! FAKE!

HEH-HEH! THIS WILL RUIN GABBY HAYES!

THE WILD WEST IS FULL OF VILLAINS. SOME STEAL GOLD, SOME STEAL SILVER... AND SOME STEAL REPUTATIONS. SUCH A ONE IS SLIPPERY SLEEK, WHOSE GOAL IS TO PILFER GABBY HAYES' REPUTATION AS THE GREATEST COWBOY OF ALL!

GABBY HAYES, FEARLESS FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, SETS FORTH ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION, RIDING CORKER, THE WONDER HORSE --- WHO WONDERS WHAT TROUBLE HIS MASTER WILL GET INTO NEXT!

CORKER, YOU AND ME ARE A-HEADING FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF OUR WHOLE LIFE!

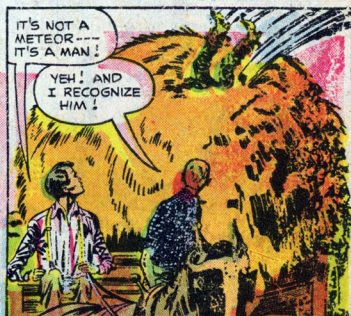
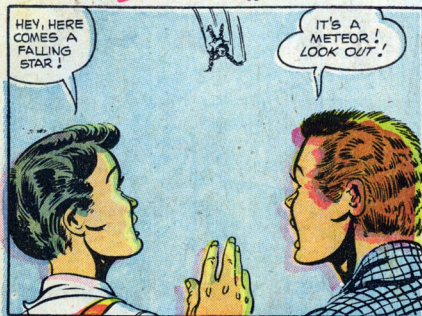
I'D RATHER DO THIS HERE JOB FOR NOTHING THAN MAKE A THOUSAND BUCK HAUL.

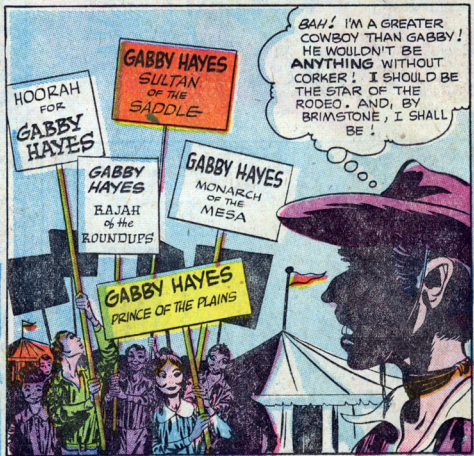
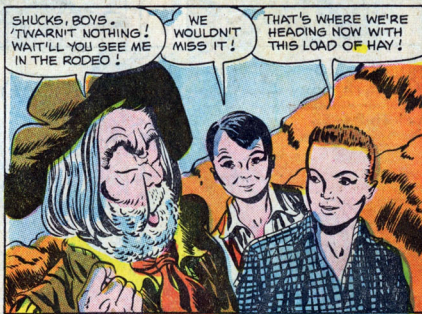
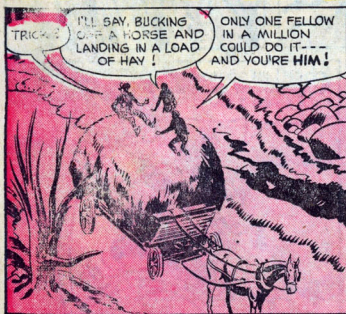
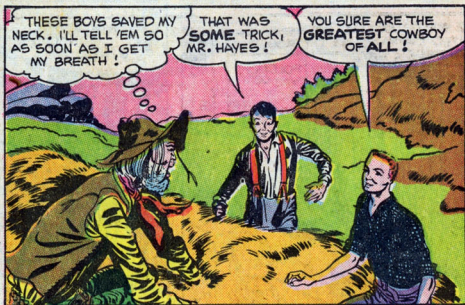
BUCK? MY MASTER SAID "BUCK"!

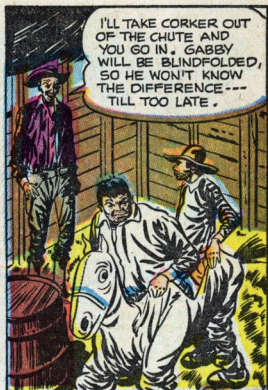
SO I'LL BUCK!

BONK!



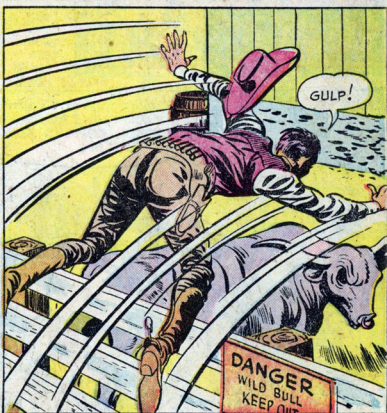
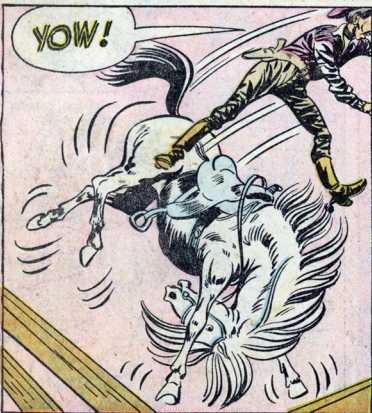
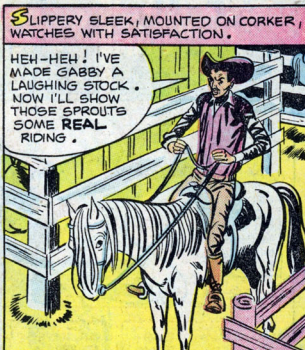
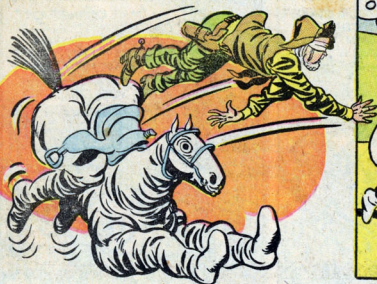


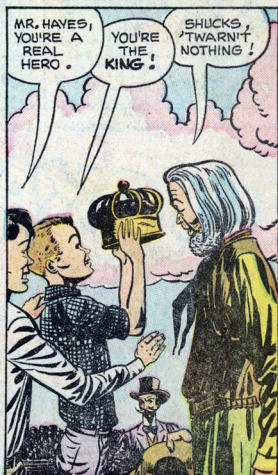
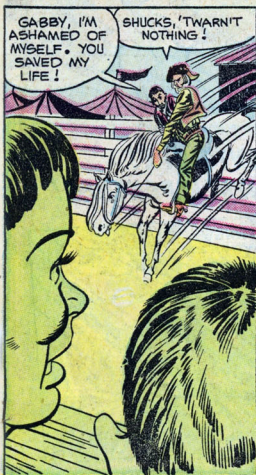
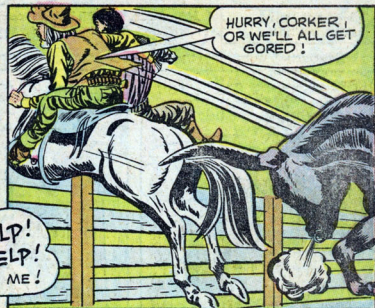
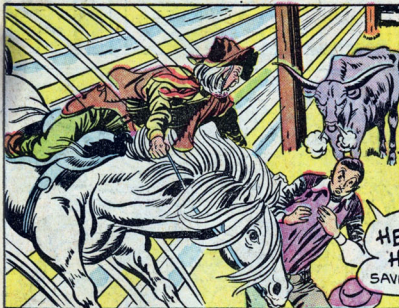
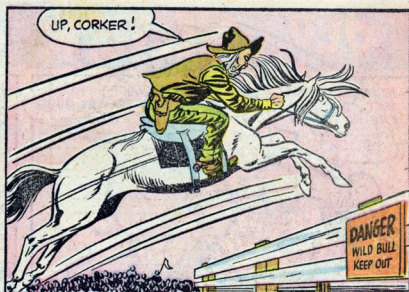
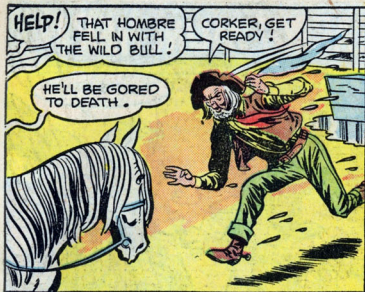




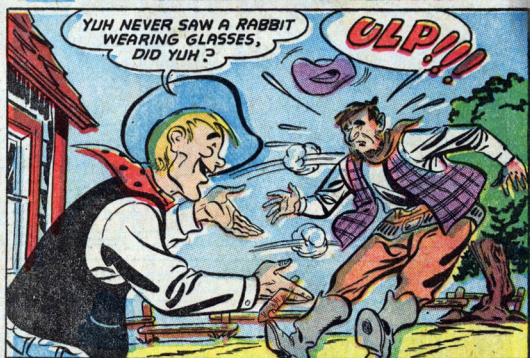
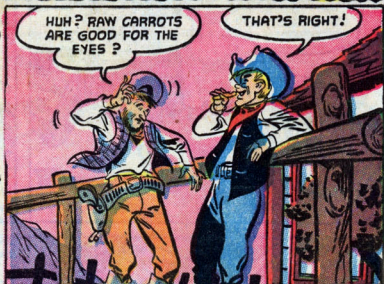
GABBY RIDES FORTH AND THE CROWD LOOKS ON IN STUNNED SILENCE.







OLD SLICK CARROT MUNCHER!



NYOKA the JUNGLE GIRL

HER EVERY ACT A LIFE
AND DEATH ADVENTURE...

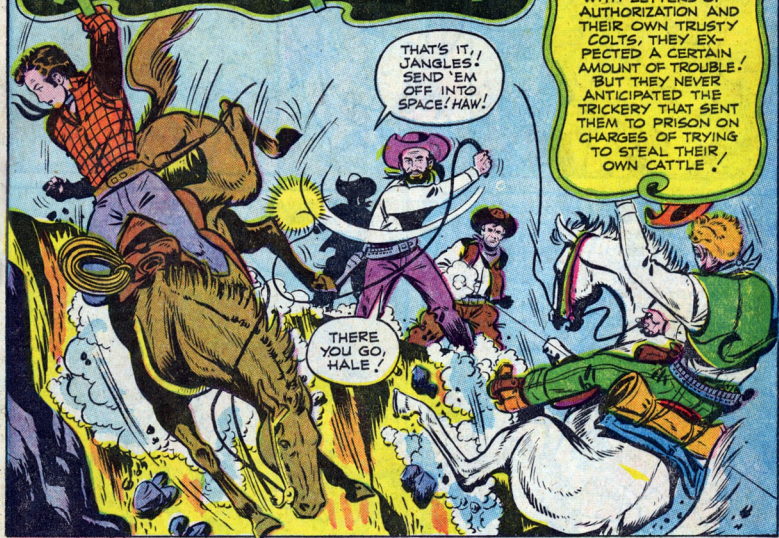
NIMBLE AS AN ANTELOPE!
CANNY AS A BLACK PANTHER!



10c ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10c

MONTE HALE

in RUSTLER'S ROUNDUP



THAT'S IT,
JANGLES!
SEND 'EM
OFF INTO
SPACE! HAW!

THERE
YOU GO,
HALE!

WHEN THE
RUTHLESS BLIZZARDS
OF A SAVAGE WINTER
SENT MONTANA
CATTLE SCATTERING
TO THE SOUTH,
MONTE HALE AND
DALE MOTLEY SET
OUT TO BRING HOME
THE BEEF! ARMED
WITH LETTERS OF
AUTHORIZATION AND
THEIR OWN TRUSTY
COLTS, THEY EXPECTED
A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF TROUBLE!
BUT THEY NEVER
ANTICIPATED THE
TRICKERY THAT SENT
THEM TO PRISON ON
CHARGES OF TRYING
TO STEAL THEIR
OWN CATTLE!

SPRING HAS COME
TO THE MONTANA
RANGE COUNTRY
AND--

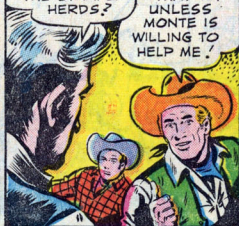
I RECKON
WE'RE ALL IN THE
SAME FIX! WE'VE
LOST HALF OUR
HERDS, AND NOW
WE'VE GOT TO GET
THEM BACK!

BUT HOW'LL
WE DO IT?
WE CAN'T SPARE
THE MEN TO
MAKE THE
TRIP
SOUTH!

HOW ABOUT
YOU, DALE?
YOU SOLD YOUR
HOLDINGS LAST
FALL, SO YOU'VE
GOT TIME. WILL
YOU GO AFTER
THE STRAYED
HERDS?

I'D LIKE
TO, BEN,
BUT I'M
NOT SO
SURE I
CAN DO
THE JOB!
THAT IS,
UNLESS
MONTE IS
WILLING TO
HELP ME!

LOOKS LIKE A
MIGHTY MEAN JOB,
AS DALE SAYS! BUT
HARD WORK NEVER
HURT A MAN! I'D
BE GLAD TO HELP
OUT! LET'S START
TODAY!



MONTE AND DALE MOTLEY QUICKLY PREPARE FOR THE TRIP! THEN ---

MONTE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS ENVELOPE! IT HOLDS LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION FROM ALL THE RANCHERS HEREABOUTS--PERMITTING YOU TO CLAIM THE CATTLE BELONGING TO THEM! YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW IT TO CATTLE DRIVE OFFICIALS, DOWN YONDER!

THANKS, BEN! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

OH, AND ONE THING MORE! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR A NEW RUSTLER, JANGLES / JANSEN.

CARRYING THE LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION, THE TWO COWMEN SWIFTLY RIDE SOUTH!

LOOK, MONTE! THERE ARE SOME LAZY-J STEERS! AND SOME CIRCLE-M DOGIES!

WE'D BETTER GET ALL THE WAY SOUTH BEFORE WE START TO ROUND THEM UP! OTHERWISE WE'LL NEVER GET THEM OFF.

LATER ---

HAH! TRAVELERS AHEAD ON THE ROAD, AND THEY'RE HAVING A RUCKUS WITH AN INDIAN LAD! WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS.

I RECOGNIZE THE YOUNGSTER! HE'S LONE EAGLE, A MEMBER OF A SIOUX CLAN THAT ONCE BEFREENDED ME! I RECKON I OWE HIM A HAND!

SASSY INJUN, EH? MAYBE I'D BETTER TEACH YOU ANOTHER LESSON!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG SLANT, MISTER! WHY NOT TRY A GENT YOUR OWN SIZE?

WHAP!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LONE EAGLE! YOU JUST RIDE OFF, AND LET ME HANDLE THIS VARMINT!

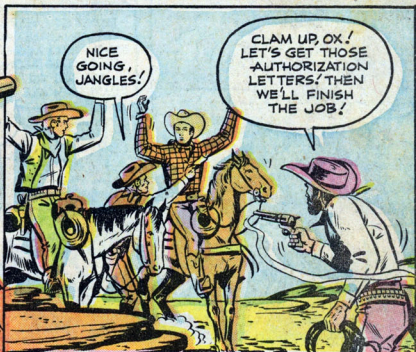
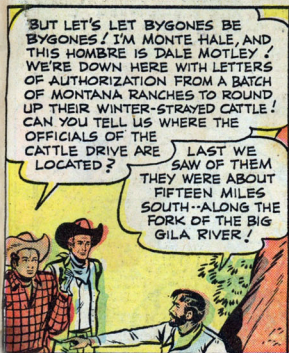
MONTE, HALE! THANK YOU FOR HELP!

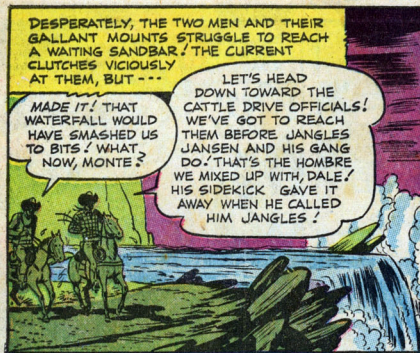
FOR A MOMENT, THE AIR IS POWDER-KEG TENSE! THEN ---

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GET SO ALL-FIRED ROUGH, STRANGER! WE WERE JUST FUNNING THE BOY.

IT LOOKED WORSE THAN THAT TO ME! HIS TRIBE'S A POWERFUL ONE IN THIS SECTION! I WOULDN'T ANTAGONIZE THEM IF I WERE YOU.







DESPERATELY, THE TWO MEN AND THEIR GALLANT MOUNTS STRUGGLE TO REACH A WAITING SANDBAR. THE CURRENT CLUTCHES VICIOUSLY AT THEM, BUT ---

MADE IT! THAT WATERFALL WOULD HAVE SMASHED US TO BITS! WHAT, NOW, MONTE?

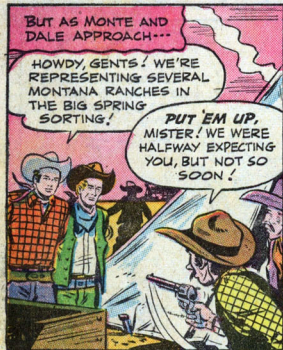
LET'S HEAD DOWN TOWARD THE CATTLE DRIVE OFFICIALS! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THEM BEFORE JANGLES JANSEN AND HIS GANG DO. THAT'S THE HOMBRE WE MIXED UP WITH, DALE! HIS SIDEKICK GAVE IT AWAY WHEN HE CALLED HIM JANGLES!



THE NEXT MORNING--

AT LAST! HERE'S THE DRIVE HEAD-QUARTERS, DALE!

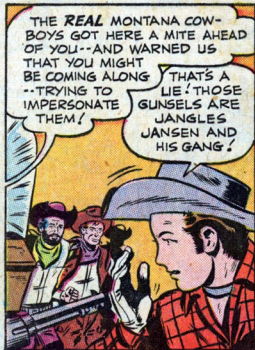
LET'S TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED PRONTO, MONTE!



BUT AS MONTE AND DALE APPROACH---

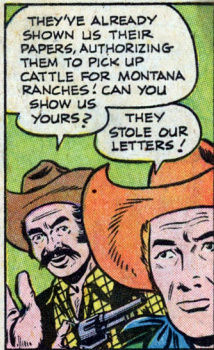
HOWDY, GENTS! WE'RE REPRESENTING SEVERAL MONTANA RANCHES IN THE BIG SPRING SORTING!

PUT 'EM UP, MISTER! WE WERE HALFWAY EXPECTING YOU, BUT NOT SO SOON!



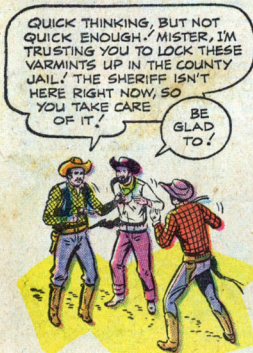
THE REAL MONTANA COW-BOYS GOT HERE A MITE AHEAD OF YOU--AND WARNED US THAT YOU MIGHT BE COMING ALONG --TRYING TO IMPERSONATE THEM!

THAT'S A LIE! THOSE GUNSELS ARE JANGLES JANSEN AND HIS GANG!



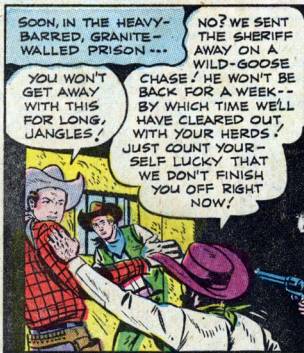
THEY'VE ALREADY SHOWN US THEIR PAPERS, AUTHORIZING THEM TO PICK UP CATTLE FOR MONTANA RANCHES! CAN YOU SHOW US YOURS?

THEY STOLE OUR LETTERS!



QUICK THINKING, BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH. MISTER, I'M TRUSTING YOU TO LOCK THESE VARMINTS UP IN THE COUNTY JAIL! THE SHERIFF ISN'T HERE RIGHT NOW, SO YOU TAKE CARE OF IT!

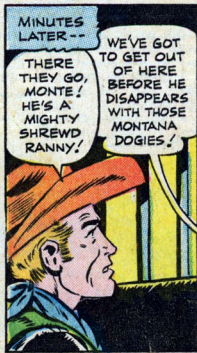
BE GLAD TO!



SOON, IN THE HEAVY-BARRIED, GRANITE-WALLED PRISON ---

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS FOR LONG, JANGLES!

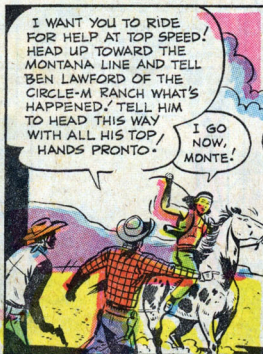
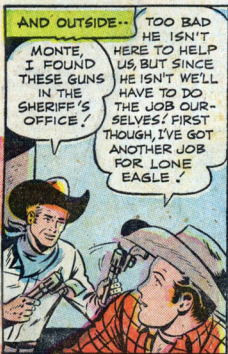
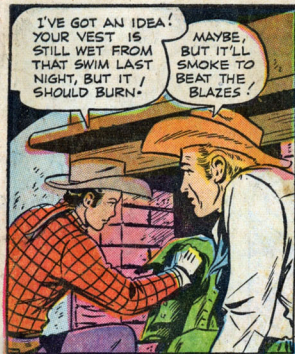
NO? WE SENT THE SHERIFF AWAY ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE! HE WON'T BE BACK FOR A WEEK-- BY WHICH TIME WE'LL HAVE CLEARED OUT WITH YOUR HERDS! JUST COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THAT WE DON'T FINISH YOU OFF RIGHT NOW!



MINUTES LATER --

THERE THEY GO, MONTE! HE'S A MIGHTY SHREWD RANNY!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS WITH THOSE MONTANA DOGIES!





LOOK! LAZY-J STEERS!
AND CIRCLE-M AND FLYING-Y!
THESE ARE THE MONTANA
CATTLE ALL RIGHT! LET'S
CUT WAY AHEAD OF THEM,
AND STOP THEM AT THE
HIGH DIVIDE PASS!



MANY HOURS
LATER, AT THE
PASS ---

HERE
THEY
COME!

HOLD UP,
JANGLES! THIS
IS THE END OF
THE TRAIL FOR
YOU!



IT'S
MONTE
HALE!

WELL, IF STONE
WALLS WON'T HOLD
HIM! LET'S SEE IF
A THOUSAND HOOF
CAN TRAMPLE HIM!
STAMPEDE THE
HERD! SEND THEM
THROUGH!



EEE-YIPPEE!
GET GOING,
CRITTERS!

THEY'RE
STAMPEDING,
MONTE!
THEY'RE
COMING
AT US!

RIGHT!
SO LET'S
GET OUT
OF HARM'S
WAY---



--AND PULL BACK IN THIS
CREVICE IN THE SIDE OF
THE PASS! LET THE STEERS
GO BY, BUT WHEN THE
RUSTLERS TRY
TO--

THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE TRAVEL-
WEARY MONTANA RANCHERS
ARRIVE ---



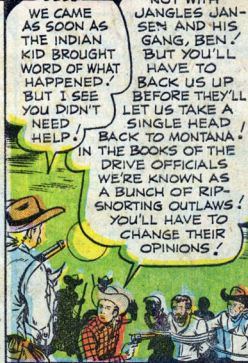
THE WILD-EYED CATTLE STORM
PART! THEN, LAUGHING AT THEIR
TRUMPH, ON COME THE RUSTLERS
LED BY JANGLES JANSEN!

PERFECT!
THEY'RE
BOUND TO
HELP---

SHIVERING
SKELETONS!
IT'S HALE
AGAIN!



GENTS, YOU'VE
HAD YOUR CHANCE
THREE TIMES--SO
THIS TIME, WE'RE
PLAYING THE
HAND!



WE CAME
AS SOON AS
THE INDIAN
KID BROUGHT
WORD OF WHAT
HAPPENED.
BUT I SEE
YOU DIDN'T
NEED
HELP!

NOT WITH
JANGLES JAN-
SEN AND HIS
GANG, BEN.
BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO
BACK US UP
BEFORE THEY'LL
LET US TAKE A
SINGLE HEAD!
BACK TO MONTANA!
IN THE BOOKS OF THE
DRIVE OFFICIALS
WE'RE KNOWN AS
A BUNCH OF RIP-
SNORTING OUTLAWS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
CHANGE THEIR
OPINIONS!

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Merry Mailman

NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

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